

To the tune of Gentle and Courteous.

Then Edward was in England Devised soon by policy,  
 first of all that man e: (king to turne her bloudie minde.  
 e made his Queene,  
 with Dame,  
 e and sinfull pride,  
 e did excell:  
 e gallant Daides,  
 e snowe full well.  
 at did inuent  
 e came to ride,  
 e first that brought he this land  
 e to hope of pride.  
 He sent for burning Trens straight,  
 all sparkling hot to see:  
 And saie, O Queene come on thy way,  
 I will begin with thee.  
 But askt him pardon on her knees,  
 who gaue her grace therein.  
 But afterward they chaunt to raise  
 all sparkling hot to see:  
 And saie, O Queene come on thy way,  
 I will begin with thee.  
 But askt him pardon on her knees,  
 who gaue her grace therein.  
 But afterward they chaunt to raise

the first that brought this land  
ready linne of pride.  
English Maylor here could serue  
to make her rich attyre:  
Yet sent for Maylor into Spaine,  
to feed her vaine desire.

They brought in fashions strange and  
with golden garments bright: (new  
The fashingale, and mighty eüses,  
With gownes of rare delight  
Our London dames in Spanish pride,  
did flourish every where,  
Our English men like women then,  
did weare long locks of haire

Both man and child both maid & wife,  
 were down'd in pride of Spaine,  
 And thought the Spanish Tailors then  
 our English men did stain:  
 When at the Queene did much despite  
 to see our English men,  
 In bellies clad, as haue to see,  
 as any Spaniard then.

He craud the King that every man,  
 That wore long locks of haire,  
 Might then be cut and poulded all,  
 Or shaven very neare.  
 Whereat the King did seem content,  
 And soon thereto agreed,  
 And first commanded that his owne  
 Should then be cut with speed,

And after that to please his Queene,  
 proclaimed through the land,  
 That everie man that wore long haire,  
 should powle him out of hand.  
 But yet this Spaniard not content,  
 to women bore a spite:  
 And then requested of the King,  
 against all law and right,

That euerie womankinde should haue  
her right breast cut away:  
And then with burning Irons sear'd,  
the blood to stench and stay,  
King Edward then perceiving wel,  
her sight to women kinde:

But afterward they chaunt to passe  
along beane London streets.  
Then here as the spaiol of a endons wife,  
in flately sort she meets.  
With murther, mirth and melody  
unto the Church that went,  
To give God charis, that to H.O. spaiol  
a noble soune had sent.

It grieved much this spightful Queen,  
to see her any more  
Should be eered murther and toy,  
except her selfe alone:  
For which she after did devise,  
wi him her bloody minde,  
And practis still most secretly,  
to kill that Ladie kinde.

Unto Lord Mayor of London then,  
 she sent he Letter straight,  
 To send his Lady to the Court,  
 Upon her Grace to wait:  
 But when the London Lady came  
 before proud Elmo's face,  
 He stript her from her rich array,  
 and kept her vile and base,  
 He sent her into waies with speed,  
 and kept her secret there,  
 And used her still more cruelly,  
 then ever man did heare:  
 He made her wash she made her starch  
 she made her drudge alway:  
 He made her nurse up children small,  
 and labour night and day.

But this contented not the Queen,  
 but she wold her more despight:  
 she bound this waight to a post:  
 at twelue at lock at night,  
 And as (poore Lady) she stood bound,  
 the Queene in angry mood,  
 Did set two snakes into her breast,  
 that sucked away her blood.

Thus died the Spaior of Londons wife,  
 most grievous for to heare:  
 which made the Spaniard grow more  
 as after shall appeare.

But coming eben to London backe,  
 Within her coach of gold,  
 A tempest strange within the skies,  
 This Queene did there behold:  
 Due of which time she could not goe,  
 But their remaind a space,  
 Foure horses could not stirre her Coach  
 A foot out of that place.

A judgement surely sent from heauen,  
for shedding guiltie bloud,  
Upon this sinful Queene, that slew  
the London Lady good.  
King Edward then (as wiseome wife)  
accus'd her for that deede;  
But she denied, and wisht that if  
she would send his ward with speed,

If that upon so vile a thing  
 her heart did ever think  
 She wist the ground might open wide,  
 and therein she might lye;  
 Yet that a Charing-Crosse she sunk,  
 into the ground a lye,  
 And after rose with life againe,  
 in London at Queene Dimes.

were here after that the languish'g sope,  
 full of untie dates in paire:  
 At last confest, the Ladies blood  
 her guilty hands did staine:  
 And likewise how that by a frier  
 she had a base borne child,  
 ever hote sinful lust and wickednesse,  
 her marriage bed defilde.

Thus you haue heard the fall of pride,  
a iust reward of sinne:  
Of those that wil forsweare themselves  
Godes vengeance daily winne,  
Beware of pride ye London Dames,  
both Gentles and Gentles all,  
Beware this impietie in your minde,  
that pride must haue a fall.  
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